

EXTERNAL REGRETS.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD

How Parisians Are Devoted to Their Annual Mourning.

IN THE CEMETERIES.

Covering the Tombs With Artificial Emblems.

WHEN PARIS CEASES TO CHAFF

Written for The Evening Star.



PARIS, October 15, 1893. ARISIANS ARE commonly supposed to be so taken up with this world that they have no time to think of the next. Yet no other people bestow so much thought on their dead. Every Paris cemetery this fond rememthe second of Novem-

ber, the Day of the Dead (our All Souls' day), and for a week afterward that the burying places especially blossom with flowers, natural and artificial, and of beadwork, and with every other mark of tenderness for those whose bodies lie under the infinite and quaint variety of tombs.

"This is the day, the only one of the year," says a Boulevard poet, "when Paris ceases to chaff and chatter; when the living, if they are pious, kneel in the churches, weeping to the sound of psalms; when, even If they are atheists, they make the round of the tombs where lie their loved ones of other days, and when the last of men-he who has never loved-stops for a moment and shudders on his way. For on that day the greatest doubter of all, thrilled by his memories, for a moment believes in the future life of heaven."

Among the French the imagination is very much affected at the fact of death, and the fragrance of pious and sentimental romance clings round the thought. The keynote of the sentiment is struck in the verses so dear to the people:

"Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai;" and its practice is remarked by every tourist as he visits the cemeteries of Pere Lachaise and Montmartre, most of all in the gray days of November.

These cemeteries are not laid out, it is true, like the rich burying places of England and America, in park-like lawns and semicircle of massive masonry, funereally alleys; but they are all the more homelike decorated with stone incense pans opening to the Parisian. He can use his own taste in adorning and building on his little lot. The result seems grotesque, huddled, incongruous to the disappointed tourist on his first visit. But he learns after a time to appreciate the human interest of it all. Such cemeteries are really sad. They are places where untrained grief, which is always homely, leaves no room for Parisian co-

The Tombs.

The tombs of darkish marble are dingy from the dampness of the Paris atmosphere. The growth of the grass is rank; the round pebbles of the gravel walk grate mournfully beneath the foot. Ugly iron railings, rusty and corroded, give forth a



Here Lies a Mother-in-Law.

sad significance, and the lank trailing boughs of weeping willows that swing list-

cemeteries; and, except for the flowers brought in profusion on All Souis' day, they are the only decoration. They have the two great advantages of being cheap and lasting. They are made, for the most a larger tomb, and a stone altar within. Near by and almost as large and conspiculations of the central avenue, the great bare returned to the great bare returne strung in some spreading floral design on wires and tied with silk ribbon, which of-ten has an inscription in gilt letters. They are hung on the tombs or placed above the graves, where they will long resist sun and rain. Sometimes the color is varied with violet, which is also the hue of mourning; but the French do not recognize yellow, as the Italians do, except in natural or arti-ficial flowers; and these are mainly re-served for the day of burial itself, when funeral wreaths are strewn lavishly, or for the month's mind or anniversary, or,

chiefest of all, for this Day of the Dead. Old Pieus Customs.

In the old times, when religion ruled, every one laid off work to pray in the churches and visit the cemeteries on the morning of All Souls' day. Even now the flowers of elaborate make succeed in throw-french peasant has a superstition that ing an artificial bloom and splendor over all. STERLING HEILIG. some ill luck will befall him if he works during that time. In the city, in spite of the lack of religion, as many as are able From Puck. keep to the old pious custom.

If they are obliged to work, they replace their next Sunday's outing by a visit to the city of the dead. Gambetta, who hated priests and laughed at religion, was seen each year until his death, on the Day of the Dead, dutifully kneeling at mass for his mother's soul in early morning, and then going to lay his tribute of affection on her grave. And no Parlsian was found

scoffer enough to laugh at him Scenes at Pere Lachaise.

If it is possible for the tourist to visit Pere Lachaise at such a time, a scene will be presented to him able to reveal a side of the Parislan character which, perhaps, he had not dreamed of. In the center of the long alley, half way up the height along the hill, there is a monumental column. Grave after grave is piled with flowers, but none is covered like this column. You may stand and see man after man of every rank in life women young middle-aged and old and little children walk up, cast a bouquet upon it and depart. Yet no one is burled under it, and no name is graven on it. This is

Strangers in Paris who have dear ones dead in distant places find in this column for the common cause something to localize their grief. For Parisians, especially for those of modest means, there is another reason for this nameless mourning. Paris has twenty the burney to be strong to the strength of reason for this nameless mourning. Paris has twenty-two burial grounds, it is true; yet these would not suffice for the hundred graves required each day were it not for the saddest of all interments in the fosses communes and the almost as sad burial right of the concession temporaire. In the fosses communes the very poor are buried. Forty coffins go into each large grave in cemeteries outside the wails, like St. Ouen and Ivvy. And the concession temporaire is also made necessary by the crowding of is also made necessary by the crowding of the Paris dead. It is true that at Pere Lachaise all this is no longer done; but the

monument of pious remembrance still ap-peals to sentiment. The Three Great Cemeteries. There are three really great cemeteries in one of being the chief executive of the inside the present limits of the city. To the nation, and the chances of life and death east there is Pere Lachaise in the midst of are such that he may be the most important the crowded workingmen's quarters of Men- man in the United States within the next of Belleville and La Villette. To the north there is Montmartre, and on the south side of the river Montparnasse. These are the largest of all the really Parisian burial grounds by the number of the great names which have been consigned to them. There which have been consigned to them. There are ten smaller cemeteries which have been incorporated into the city as it spread out. The customs are much the same in all; and each has its own special glories moderness to the dust.

The Vice President at Home.

The Vice President lives at the Ephity

moldering to the dust. Within the City Limits.

The city government has more than once had to take into account the love of Parislans for their dead. Years ago it was thought that, for reasons of health, there brance all the year should be one great burying place, outside round. But it is on the second of Novemevery provision was made to enable the poorest citizen to make use of the new cemetery easily and comfortably and freely. For the funerals special trains were be always ready, with carriages decently



arrayed in mourning, with fitting places for the corpse and its bearers, for friends and all those who chose to do honor to the dead. Every facility was to be given for daily visits to the grave, and all was to be at as cheap a rate as for the present cemeteries. But the Parisians would not hear of it. It was removing their cherished dead too far from home. After a lapse of years the authorities came back to the scheme, but the popular resistance was as strong as ever. And so the project had finally to be abandoned, and Paris, which has now grown out far beyond the limits of all its cemeteries, continues to hold even its dead children within its own bosom. Among the Monuments.

The great portal of Pere Lachaise is in a ipward and dying torches reversed down ward. Passing through the gates a long avenue leads up the hill, lined with tombs built irregularly, like small mortuary chap-els. On either side a maze of avenues and alleys winds off in every direction, filled with the same kind of monuments, many costly, many humble and few graceful or pleasing to the eye. There is no room for lawns or garden-like spaces. The monu-ments and gravestones are of every con-ceivable form, according to the taste or ceivable form, according to the taste or the wealth of the friends of the departed— now a Greek portal, now a Gothic arch, now a little more than a flat upright sur-face on which to engrave an inscription, again a broken column railed round with room to plant some flower or willow. Frequently the tomb is a square vault raised above the ground. Through a grated ed above the ground. Through a grated doorway you can see a sort of altar within, on which bouquets of artificial flowers and emblems religious or simply sentimental are placed. The graves are constantly visited by mourning ones, but they do not seek to make them smart and newish looking. To the Position tend to the position of the control of the co

To the Parisian imagination that would seem like trifing.

Everywhere you meet with great names with which the world has rung. Many ecme to visit and grow sentimental over the mausoleum of Heloise and Abelard. It is a pretty Gothic canopy above the statues of the two lovers, lying side by side in stone. It matters not that the lovers were not buried here, that the tomb itself was taken a century ago from its original place in Abelard's monastery and stowed for many years in a Paris museum, whence it was transplanted hither only in 1817. The same sentimental reasons which caused would seem like trifing. boughs of weeping willows that swing listlessly in the breezes of the hill complete
a hopeless picture. Grave after grave is
adorned with a decoration almost as immortal and quite as ugly as death itself.
There are wreaths and crosses of black
and white and purple beadwork, with mottoes wrought in white—"My Father," "My
Friend," "Desolated."

Artificial Emblems.

As you draw near to Pere Lachaise you
pass shop after shop, and even stalls along
the street, piled high with these ghastly
emblems. They reach all the way from the
prison of La Roquette to the gate of the
cemetery, far above on the hill. These artificial immortelles, with their shining
beadwork, their white and black ribbons
and their mottoes, are universal in French
cemeteries; and, except for the flowers
brought in profusion on All Soule day.

On the top of the eminence, at the end

much speechmaking.
On the top of the eminence, at the end Near by and almost as large and conspicu-ous is the immense monument of Thiers, who, however, was but a little man. He was the first president of the present re-public, but it was his family that has used his own riches in raising this memorial. Along one of the avenues on the brow of the hill several of the first Napoleon's travest marshals and generals have long since ceased from war and the glory of arms. All in all the impression is somber. Nothing is picturesque to the eye, the moss creeps over the weatherbeaten stones, and the mind, overcome with the fragility of man's mortal state, is moreover wearled with the numberless winding ways bordered by these tiny houses of the dead. Still it is a favorite promenade for the Parislans of a Sunday afternoon, it is visited by all foreigners, and in November-in the of the dead-lilies and roses and



Humor's Decay.

Minstrel End Man (to Professional Literary Humorist)-"I say, old fellow, now, Senators, and each has the right to speak, and when great questions like those we are really, is there any money in writing jokes for the comic papers?"

Humorist—"Certainly. Why, I can live a combined wisdom of the whole to decide them."

OUR VICE PRESIDENT. had," replied the Vice President. "We may have no giants like Calhoun, Webster or Clay, but the average is higher, the men are broader, better educated, and the range of subjects which they have to discuss is wider and deeper than those which taxed the Sen-ators of the past. The questions which are now to be decided by the United States Senate demand a well equipped mind. They are not abstract questions, beginning and ending in the theories of government. They are business questions, and upon the deci-A Chat With Adlai E. Stevenson are business questions, and upon the decision of them depends the welfare of an empire. When the first Senate met we had HOW HE LOOKS AND TALKS. 3,000,000 people in the Union, and the country over which they legislated was a narrow over which they legislated was a narrow strip running up and down the Atlantic coast. Now we have nearly twenty-five times as many people, and we are bound by the Pacific. We have a country of vast resources, divided into sections, each of which has its own interests, and the government must be for the good of the whole. We have an enormous revenue to raise. When Some Entertaining Incidents of His THE TARIFF AND SILVER. Buchanan was President one of the chief arguments against his administration was the immense expenditure which it made. It took \$50,000,000 to pay its bills. Now we spend over \$400,000,000 every year to run the SPENT AN EVENing this week with government."

Upon Public Questions.

Early Life.

postmaster general. Now he is Vice Presi-

dent of the United States. He stands with-

time to time in my travels about the country. I cannot answer them better than by

The Vice President lives at the Ebbitt

House. He has pleasant rooms in one of

the corners of this big hotel, and he is to

be found here almost every evening with his

family about him. He is domestic in his

tastes, and he spends his evenings at nome.

There is no red tape about getting to him.

You send up your card, and a moment later

The Vice President Today.

You knock at the door. It opens, and a

giant of a man greets you with a hearty shake of the hand. Vice President Steven-

son is one of the big men among our states-men. He is six feet two in his stockings

and he weighs more than two hundred

pounds. He stands as straight as a Nor-wegian pine in his polished boots, and his

like a man whose blood is pure and who knows not that he has a stomach.

His Ancestry.

How One Boy Got an Education.

"In different ways," replied the Vice

to go to college at that time as now. I remember I paid \$2.50 a week for my room

and board, and other things were propor-

Stevenson at Thirty.

went back to Bloomington and studied law

and when I started to practice I had just \$25 worth of books and very little else. My first law case was before a justice of the peace, and my fee was \$5. This seems very little now, but it paid my board bill for two

weeks, and it was two months before

got another case. I managed, however, to make more than my expenses during my first year at the law, and had I continued

What a Vice President Can Do.

The conversation then turned to the

United States Senate, and I asked the Vice President whether there was not some way

in which he could control its debates and

prevent such a situation as has been in

existence a greater part of the fall. He re

"I receive numbers of letters asking me

that question. Some men want to know

why I do not stop the silver discussion. Editors send me marked copies of news-papers directing me how to act. They do not understand my position. My power is clearly outlined in the Constitution and in

the rules of the Senate. The code which prevails there is made up of laws and pre-cedents which extend over eighty-seven

years of legislative procedure. These are no more to be changed by me than are the laws to be changed by a judge of a court. Suppose a judge should say 'I don't believe that law is right, and I won't allow that

statute to enter into this case?' It would he the same if I should attempt to act in the Senate irrespective of law. To do other-

wise would be revolutionary. I took an oath to administer the laws of the Senate

oath to administer the laws of the Senate and I have to act according to them and to

A Word for the Minority.

"Again," the Vice President went on, "it is a question as to whether the people are

not unreasonable in their demands upon the

Senate. These men represent great states,

and they have to do what they honestly be-

lieve to be right for both their own people

and the Union. I believe they are honest

The Senate is a conservative body, and it is fair that the minority should have a show. It is, as Senator Turple calls it, the

'asylum of the minority,' and one of the safeguards of legislation lies in that fact. It is a large body. There are eighty-eight

now discussing come before it it needs th

practice from that time to this I would much better off in pocket than I am."

tionately cheap. After leaving school

money?" I asked.

ou are told to walk right up.

and he gave me let-

ters to his friend,

Gov. Hubbard, our

minister to Japan. At

that time Mr. Steven-

son was assistant

the Vice President of Will the Union Last? "Does not this growth tend to dissoluthe United States. My last interview with tion, Mr. Vice President?" I asked, "Will him was held five not our country and people eventually beyears ago. I was come so rich and so great that it will be about to start on a divided into sections? Will the Union continue?" trip around the world,



"I think the Union will last," said the Vice President, "though in the centuries to come, who can tell! Our chief safety lies in the patriotism of our people. We are at the bottom a nation of patriots, and I want to see this part of our nature developed to the full. Yes, I am in favor of Fourth of July celebrations. I want all the national holidays we can have. In the future we will have our troubles, but this love of country, added to a good government and a good Constitution, will be our salvation." "How about the anarchists?"

"There is no danger from them. They form a drop in the bucket of our national life. We do not fear them. Public opinion is greater than parties, and the moment the anarchists threaten our institutions a public sentiment will arise which will result in the destruction of whatever imperils our free institutions." Politics Not Corrupt.

"Is there not danger from the corruption which exists in our politics?"

"I don't think much corruption exists in politics today," replied Vice President Stevenson. "I suppose there is some, but if so it it is found chiefly in the large cities, Politics are purer now than they have ever been, and they are growing better in every way from year to year. Our cities are growing better. Vice is being controlled, and this is an age of churches and charities. Millions are now spent in education where thousands were not known a few years ago. Fortunes are given daily to in-stitutions for the betterment of the people, and we are making giant strides in the right direction. It is the same in politics. The people have an idea that there is corruption and bribery here in Congress. I was four years in the lower house, and I have had large acquaintance with members wegian pine in his pointed boots, and his big blonde head is fastened to his broad shoulders by a strong firm neck. His arms and legs are long. His chest is broad and full, and his shoulders are well thrown back. His complexion is clear, and he looks of Congress. I have never heard of a mem-ber who had been approached in that way, and I do not know of one to whom would dare to offer a bribe. Look back over our history. What laws have ever passed by corruption?
"There is the Credit Mobilier," said I.
"Yes," replied the Vice President, "a I asked as to his ancestry. Gen. Steven-

Scotch-Irish stock. My people came to And look at its results. It was the political this country long before the revolution this country long before the revolution grave of every man who had anything to and settled in Maryland and Pennsylvania. do with it. A case happened many years They drifted from here south to the Caroago in which a Congressman was expelled for selling a West Point cadetship. At present there is little if any corruption linas and thence on into Kentucky. I was, you know, born in Kentucky, and I moved with my father from Kentucky to Illinois. about the Capitol. Think of the hundreds of millions which have to be disposed of by Congress. Think of the billions which are My father was a farmer or planter. He had the natural blood of the pioneer in him, and he came from North Carolina affected by legislation, and it is one of the wonders of history that Congress is so pure. into Kentucky, and as the state filled up he sold out and went on to Illinois. This I do not believe that there is another body of legislators one hundred years old which can show such a clean legislative record as can the United States Senate and our House of Representatives. No, politics are not "You say you worked your way through college, general. How did you make the growing worse. They are growing better.

A Country Life for Boys. "You were brought up on a farm, general, President. "I taught during vacation, and What do you think of farm life for boys? and at one time I remember I received \$25 Would you advise a boy to be born upon a

a month and boarded around, and at other times I left school for the winter and took a turn at teaching. It didn't cost so much "I dot "I don't know," said the Vice President, with a laugh. "If a boy could decide where he is to be born, the farm is as good a place as any. I sometimes think it is be:ter than the city. A farmer's boy comes into close contact with nature. He gets strength by having to fight against the elements. Pure air and hard work give him good muscles, and he starts life with purer blood and better brains. As to his char-acter, this depends more upon his home training than anything else. If he has the right kind of family surroundings there is little more danger of his going astray in the city than in the country."

Silver and the Tariff. I here asked Vice President Stevenson to give me his ideas as to the tariff and the silver questions. He laughingly referred me to his letter of acceptance, in which he said his views had been expressed in full and approved by more than five million voters at the time of the late election. His position on both questions is well known. He believes in tariff reform, and he thinks that there should be a dollar's worth of gold and silver in every coin that is marked with the name of a dollar. He unquestionably would like to see both gold and silver used as money, and he believes that every dollar in the United States, whether gold, silver or paper, should be an honest dollar, and that all of our dollars should be of equal and exchangeable value and of

equal purchasing power. FRANK G. CARPENTER.



Weary Raggles - "I want a dring of whisky, right away! If I don't get it, I'll



Wm. C. Whitney Has Taken No Backward Steps

IN POLITICS OR IN FINANCE.

Brilliant Character Sketch of an Able Leader.

WHAT WILL COME NEXT.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CAT

land and half a dozen men who have won lays low." national fame in a very short period of

rupted the others. "There," he exclaimed, pointing to a

man who was passing through the room, goes the most successful man in the country, all things considered." The other men looked in the direction in-

dicated. They saw a quiet-mannered man who looked to be anywhere from forty-five to fifty years of age. He was dressed in semi-mourning, but his dark clothes were faultless in fit and make and of rich material. The man himself was above the middle height and well built. He wore no beard save a mustache. As he lifted his hat in response to the salute of some acquaintance it was seen that though the hair was scant on the frontal part of his head it was still dark. A pair of eyeglasses rested upon a strong nose. His face was long and keen, and his jaws were those of a man quick to act and firm to persist in any enterprise upon which his mind was set. "William C. Whitney," said several of

the men in unison, and one or two of them smiled while several whistled softly. "Yes," said the man who had been speaking, "ex-corporation counsel of New York and ex-Secretary of the Navy William C Whitney, and a man who will bear watching both as a man who is making his mark in the business world, and also as a man who is about the best and most available

piece of presidential timber in his party."

"Ten years ago," the speaker went oo 'that man was comparatively a poor man and a politician of no especial reputation outside of New York city. Today he is worth millions and has a national reputation in politics. If that isn't success, then I'd like to know what is."

The speaker quoted was a trifle strong in speech, but in the main his utterances



William Collins Whitney.

C. Whitney during the past dozen years has been wonderfully successful The rise of President Cleveland in politics has been of course remarkable. But it grew in a sense out of fortuitous circumstances. Mr. Whitney, starting his career as a poor boy in a lawyer's office, became a leader in his profession, a leader in politics, a leader in financial circles, and a leader in society even, of the most exclusive sort. A man who can achieve these results, while he is yet on the sunny side of fifty, is far from being a common man In politics, Mr. Whitney occupies a posi-tion that is unique, to say the least. He is a friend of President Cleveland and he is on good terms with Senator David Ben nett Hill. He is popular with Tamman. Hall and also with those who are oppose to it. In short, he stands between all the factions, and as a candidate for office, could count on the support of all. It is a position held by no other man in Ne state and the results may yet be import

A Democrtic Man.

Mr. Whitney is not seen so much about New York as he was formerly. The death of his wife was a sad blow to him, for it was she who brought him not only most of his prosperity, but much of his popularity. Mr. Whitney has shunned the public since his wife's death and has given all of his time to business. Associated with him has been Daniel Lamont, his friend, and who like himself and Senator Hill, was a protege of that rare judge of men-Samuel J. Til-den. The business success of these two men has been a marvel to much older and more experienced men. When Mr. Whit-ney entered President Cleveland's cabinet he was far from being a rich man, as rich men go now-a-days. He had money, of



course, but was not considered rich. But he had resources. His wife was the daughter of Henry B. Payne, the Ohio millionaire and Standard oil magnate, and that keen judge of men was not slow to recognize the talents of his son-in-law. He became the banker of Mr. Whitney and the young man did the rest himself. He gave up the law. It was too slow. It may be that he had considered as sound the statement of old Commodore Vanderbilt, that the business for bright young men in this country was not law, but "railroading At any rate Mr. Whitney took up railroad-ing. In company with Lamont and some other bold spirits he started in to get con-trol of the surface railroads of New York. He succeeded so well that at present most He succeeded so well that at present most of New York's best paying roads, including the enormously profitable Broadway route, are dominated by the Whitney-Lamont syndicate. From a comparatively poorman Mr. Whitney has become a very rich one, his wealth being placed by conservative judges at over \$5,000,000 and rapidly grawing Mr. Whitney is as busy a more growing. Mr. Whitney is as busy a man today as he ever was. He is one of those keen, active men who are unhappy when idle. Since his wife's death he has given his whole time to business. He scarcely misses a day from his desk, being as tire-

he is always willing to see any visitor who may have business with him. He has none of that air of frozen dignity that public men sometimes affect, but is easy and cordial, but at the same time keen and incisive where business is concerned. He does not affect the pleasures that many of New York's rich men do. He is not a horseman like James R. Keene or Robert Bonner, or a yachts man or a parton of athlet.

man like James R. Keene or Robert Bonner, or a yachts man or a patron of athletics. Horseback riding is a favorite exercise with him when he feels the need of relaxation. The theater and the opera he finds pleasure in, but does not indulge his taste in this direction as he did when Mrs. Whitney was alive. He is a prominent club man, being a member of haif a dozen or more of the best of New York's social organizations. Like most of the successful men of today he is singularly temperate, taking pleasure quietly as a wise man ate, taking pleasure quietly as a wise man

Since his entry into President Cleveland's cabinet Mr. Whitney has not taken any active part in New York state or city politics. He has been called upon, now and then, to use his undoubted tact to bring peace between warring factions, but that has been all. National politics have received his attention. To him more than any one man President Cleveland owes his last nomination. The knowing ones have it that there is a coldness between the president and his former friend. Mr. Whitney, being a discreet man not over given to talking, says nothing about this. With reference to his friend Hill and his position toward the President, Mr. Whitney, being a discreet man not over given to talking, says nothing about this. With reference to his friend Hill and his position toward the President, Mr. Whitney have described in the fifth ney maintains the same reserve. His position is that of a mutual friend. If through their differences he should float into the Since his entry into President Cleveland's their differences he should float into the White House himself, well and good.

Just at present he is "brer fox" and "he

His Position in Social Life.

It was a loss to New York society when time were talked of. While the discussion Mrs. Whitney died. She was among the was going on one of the bystanders, who brightest of the leaders and her husband had been listening silently, suddenly inter- spent money lavishly, making the Whitney receptions and balls marked events



The Late Mrs. waitney.

avenue, opposite the new home of Cornelius Vanderbilt, has been dark and fectly avid to talk, but at the same time silent since its mistress died. Its splendid

nelius Vanderbilt, has been dark and silent since its mistress died. Its splendid ball room has remained unused and its fine apartments untenanted to the unutterable sorrow of those who formerly enjoyed its hospitality.

This will be changed soon. Mr. Whitney's children are growing up. His eldest daughter is past eighteen and has already appeared in society informally. This winter the Whitney mansion will be thrown open again and Miss Whitney will reign in the position she will occupy. That held by her mother, who introduced Mrs. Cleveland into New York society, was such that her front ranks. There are also two boys in the Whitney family who are still at school, They are William and Howard. One is sixteen and the other fourteen. There is also Dorothy, a lass of six, born in Washington when Mr. Whitney was Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Whitney is as devoted a father as he was a husband, and with his great wealth it is certain that his elder daughter will be able to reign like a queen great wealth it is certain that his elder daughter will be able to reign like a queen this winter, for Mr. Whitney is not a man who does things by halves.

In one thing Mr. Whitney has followed the policy of his friend and mentor, Samuel J. Tilden, and by his famous contemporary. Lohn Kelly, He likes contemporary Lohn Kelly.

uel J. Tilden, and by his famous contemporary, John Kelly. He likes young men about him and he likes to help them along when they are capable of being helped. Young men hold the most responsible positions under him. "They have the vim and the go in them," he will say. All you have to do is to know how to handle the reins over them. Keep a sharp eye on the colts and don't let them think you distrust them. They go all to pieces if you do. Young men and coits are a good deal alike." In politics Mr. Whitney always follows the same policy. He had a small army of bright young men who followed follows the same policy. He had a small army of bright young men who followed him and he could do wonders with them. Mr. Whitney never posed as an orator at the bar or in politics. He says that whatever talent he has lies in the way of organization and the handling of men, and in this those who know him best say that he is right. Men who attended the last democratic convention say him accomplish cratic convention saw him accomplish more in five minutes' conversation than all the loud oratory of Bourke Cockran and others could bring about.
No one that I know of ever saw him ex-

cited or angry. The proverbial icicle or cu-cumber is not more cool. His very appear-ance seems a protest against violence. Always faultlessly dressed, well groomed like a thoroughbred racer, without being loud in any way, you are impressed by the man without knowing exactly why. His maning an apology would be, stammered, start-ed to leave the room, stopped and sat down



ner is as perfect as his dress. His voice is low, well modulated and pleasant, and if he is no orator he certainly is a very charming talker on any subject. Always charming talker on any subject. Always suave, bland and smiling, he still impresses you as being genuine and sincere. He resembles Senator Hill in the sense that resembles Senator Hill in nolitics, made prifically schooled himself to a quasi-

staff officers. He expresses these beliefs openly. They were the opinions of Tilden and other teachers in the school of politics in which he was trained and he regards them as good ones. They won in fights before and it is Mr. Whitney's opinion that they will again. Yet it was told of Mr. Whitney that when he was Secretary of the Navy he was most kind hearted in his treat-ment of old department employes who had seen long and honorable service. It was the young warriors who were open foes of Mr. Whitney's party and who invariably got leave at each national election to go hom to vote that Mr. Whitney bore down on. to vote that Mr. Whitney bore down on.
"What is offensive partisanship for the goose is the same for the gander," said Mr.

Whitney oracularly, "Those who will fight must bear blows," and so far as he could order it they did. And yet he did his own work so thoroughly, he labored so earnestly in improving our navy, that even his political opponents gave him credit for great ability and singleness of purpose in the performance of executive

As has been said, Mr. Whitney is now laying low and putting money in his purse. Political cards are going to be shuffled in

Written for The Evening Star. I used to drop in at Henry's quite often of a night on my way home from neuical lectures. Henry's sign read: "Heinrich Loeb, restaurant. Imported and domestic beer. Oysters in season." Henry himself was a clean, fresh, red-cheeked German and he kept a clean, fresh little place, with a talented old negro cook from Baltimore, who understood the oyster as do only Baltimore cooks.

The coming and going of these transients,

however, had no effect on the regulars except to give five of them once in a while a topic for talk. There the five sat, evening after evening, sipping an occasional mug of beer, eating an occasional pretsel or cheese sandwich and talking politics and religion and the news in the evening paper. I say five of them, for the sixth never talked. He sat apart, tasting a glass of white wine, sometimes reading a paper, oftener gazing at the wall and slowly smoking a good cigar. He was a well-dressed, prosperous looking man, a little beyond middle age and with a rather refined face.

Very naturally I assumed that this solitary habit on the part of number six was self chosen-that his exclusiveness was the result of self-esteem, and that such a man should have no better place to spend his evenings piqued my curiosity. I made no inquiries because there was no one of whom could inquire. I did not wish to know the other regulars and Henry did not seem to know his name.

One Saturday night, however, the little place was full. I was tired and hungry as a bear and not at all inclined to go further up the street, where I wasn't sure of the cook. As I stood looking for a seat the unknown and silent regular took his overcoat from the chair beside him and beckoned me to take it. I thanked him, accepted and naturally made a remark about the unusual influx of transients. Instead of the gentlemanly but rather stiff reply which I expected, the man beamed and answered in the each season. The splendid mansion on 5th most friendly manner and a little inconsequential chat followed. He seemed per-

lar topic.
One night in the late winter it happened

toxicology. It chanced that just at that time I was doing the ordinary medical college laboratory work in that important branch, and we drifted into quite an animated discussion. He showed the same remarkable depth of information as on other topics, and finally, after a moment's hesitation, suggested that if I would step around the corner with him to his rooms he would show me a very interesting atlas of tropical poisonous plants. I accepted with pleasure, and we put on our overcoats and started. The house which we entered with his latch key was a handsome brick and the interior glimpse was prepossessing. As we passed up the stairs a door opened below and a feminine voice said: "Oh! Is it you, Mr. Legros?" I glanced down and saw that it was a handsome colored woman, well dressed and evidently the relative parts. was a handsome colored woman, well dress ed and evidently the mistress of the house

ed and evidently the mistress of the house.

I was dumfounded, and as we entered Legros' bachelor quarters on the second floor I could not keep back the extremely impolite question, "And are you living in a house with a family of negroes?"

He turned toward me and there was a strange dogged look in his face. "Why, sir," he said. "I myself am what you would call a negro!"

I fairly gasped for breath. I glanced I fairly gasped for breath. I glanced around the scholarly book-lined room, I looked again at the clear-cut features and white skin of the man who stood somewhat defiantly before me, started to apologize, saw how utterly futile as well as unmean-

overwhelmed. Neither of us spoke for some minutes and there came over me with a rush a deep sense of the injustice of this man's evident proscription. His thin trace of negro blood must have been known to others and his isolation from white companionship must have been due to this knowledge. His isolation from the society of blacks was evidently due to his own choice. And why should it not have been so? Here was a cultivated, well-read man whose blood was placted to the conversion and whose nineteen-twentieths Caucasian and whose tastes and mental characteristics were all

tastes and mental characteristics were all Caucasian, forced to associate with a people to whom he was related by only the slightest bond or to live alone.

I stayed with him until late that night and he told me of his life; how, born a slave in Mauritius, he had been sold into this country when a boy. Set free by the war, he had gone north and tried to conceal the fact of his tainted blood. It was found out, however, and, cut to the quick by the contempt with which he was regarded by those who had considered him their equal, he had thed the town, only to undergo the same exfled the town, only to undergo the same ex-

fied the town, only to undergo perience elsewhere.

At first his ambition was almost crushed, and he thought of accepting the situation and seeking associates among the negroes with whom he was thus arbitrarily and un-justly classed. But his distaste for the race, inherited from a long line of white ancestors, restrained him, and he had

resembles Senator Hill in the sense that he regards a promise in politics, made prior to an election, to be kept inviolate. It was this very trait in his character that was shown in the somewhat notorious case of Van Alen. Mr. Cleveland's much talked over minister to Italy. The pre-election bargain with Mr. Van Alen may have been open to criticism. But the bargain was made and so the goods should be delivered. So held Mr. Whitney.

A Practical Politician.

Mr. Whitney is not a theoretical politician any more than he is a theoretical financier and business manager. He holds that money is needed to carry elections. He holds that partnership is necessary in the work of keeping a great political party together. It is his belief that there should be rewards, in the way of small offices, for the rank and file as well as the cabinet offices for the staff officers. He expresses these beliefs. on, growing old in his loneliness, and yet, strangely enough, not altogether unhappy. Desire for human companionship was largely lost; he lived in the world, but as an onlooker, and his real life his books.

his books.

I graduated that spring and took up the practice of medicine in another part of the city, and saw nothing of Legros during the three years following. One evening I saw a notice of his sudden death in the papers. and that night, as I sat in my study, I thought long about the man, and I followed out in my mind an interesting parallel between his life as it really was and what it might have been had it not been weighted by that accident of birth. The refined tastes, the educated intellect, the scholarly habit were all there. In a country free from prejudice his name might have been one of those honored in the land. As it wes-I alone, save for the negro family with whom he lodged, followed him to his grave next day.

FOR HEADACHE AND INDIGESTION Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

it and depart. Yet no one is buried under
it, and no name is graven on it. This is
the Monument de Souvenir; and this mountain of flowers is for the "cause commune"
—for the neglected and forgotten dead, for all two lie in Pere Lachaise, and for all two lie in Pere Lachaise, and for all the general.

Humorist—"Certainly. Why, I can live a whole week on about forty jokes!"

This Senate Compared With Those of the Past.

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